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fears the effect time may have had upon the chef d'œuvre of his youth! Nothing to equal your genius in all kinds of audacity—even the audacity of modesty!

The Opera Bouffe of the Prince Poniatowski is in rehearsal, with Patti, Crimpì and Galdoni.

Madlle. Nillson went to see Patti's "Lucia," and applauded frantically—Patti went to see Nilsson's "Martha," and ditto ditto'd. As every one knows and admires the tender, sisterly, brotherly, affectionate and venomous attachment prime donne absolute, tenori, bassi, baritoni, "even down to the contra alti," bear to each other, nobody's feelings will be unstrung at this touching outburst of artistic sympathy.

It is reported that Mario and Grisi have abandoned their project of a Ballad *Tournée* in England, and are now *en voyage* for their Florentine villa.

A statue to Catalani has just been erected at Pisa.

At Brussels "Popular Concerts" are really popular. Similar musical feasts are also flourishing at Covent Garden, London.

The English press casts its collective eye with an unfavorable glance on M. Goldschmidt's "Ruth," ruthlessly condemning it to the limbo of things to be forgotten.

From Meiningen come accounts of the performance of some portions of Berlioz's "Romeo & Juliet," arranged symphony-wise, and given by the united orchestras of Weimar and Meiningen. The "love scene" is described as being "truly delicious;" but the greatest effect was produced by the fête music—a masterpiece of tumultuous youth, of life and movement: the whole audience rose, and even the musicians laid aside their instruments to swell the tempest of applause. There are hours in the critic's life which not only console him, but temper his faith anew.

Listz's new Oratorio, founded on the legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary—a very pretty story, by-the-bye—is spoken of most highly. We may shortly hear more concerning it.

SOIREE AND DISTRIBUTION OF PIANOFORTES.

The American Mutual Pianoforte Association of this city, held its monthly soiree last week, when two pianofortes were distributed among its subscribers. There was a lively competition for these beautiful instruments, the premiums exceeding a hundred dollars for possession. Although the subscription price of these pianos is only \$300, the profits of the Association from premiums, etc., will probably reduce it to \$250.

Mr. Edward Hoffman, Herr Biederman, and

Mr. James W. Pirsson, an excellent amateur violinist, performed on this occasion, Mr. Hoffman creating a sensation by his brilliant performance of a new composition of his own, called "Bridal Fête Waltzes," which is dedicated to and published at the office of the Association, Clinton Hall Buildings, Astor Place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, September.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

Yesterday I was one of a party who met at the Gare St. Lazare to take the *chemin de fer* for Versailles. We went early, in order to prolong our day of pleasure, and see the dewy landscape in the glow of the morning sun. The time required to go by railway from Paris to Versailles is less than two hours, and the country through which we pass is as lovely as Eden. We pass St. Cloud and its royal parks, we follow the shining waters of the beautiful Seine, we see great, lonely châteaux guarded by marvellously erect poplars, and pretty cottages half screened by tall rose trees. Then there are innumerable vineyards along the route, whose luxuriant clusters of amber and purple grapes give to the landscape a southern and classic aspect.

The *chemin de fer* stops in the lower part of the town, from whence it is impossible to catch a glimpse of the royal palace with its heavenly treasures; but after a few turns through its old streets you come upon an avenue, spacious, and lined and interlined with venerable linden trees. This avenue leads up to the Grand Cour of the palace. Dull and hard is the first glance: the grand court paved with stone, the stone statues of French heroes grim and colossal adorning it,—for although the palace stands upon a sloping eminence, its vastness quite shuts out the view that lies beyond it. And what can compare with a day at Versailles?—a day of days,—a day in this palace of Art,—this monument to "*toutes les glories de la France*." And once within, what glory bursts upon the enraptured vision. What a magnificent structure! What architectural grandeur, what height, what expansiveness. Was this a human habitation? Did mortals like ourselves dwell herein? Oh no, it is a temple for the immortals. Look around and above you. See, they live: the mailed knight and his daring deeds, the chivalric heroes of old romance,—kings and queens from the Pharamond, mythical Merovingian, and his successors, and Charlemagne, most eminent of the powerful Carolingians. Capetians, too, are here, with St. Louis as their illustrious centre, and Henry IV., brilliant founder of that Bourbon dynasty which culminated so grandly in Louis Quatorze, the Grand Monarque of Versailles.

Yes, from the far away, shadowy past they come: radiant forms with crowns and glittering sceptres. Clovis, now "eldest son of the church," receiving baptism with his fiery Franks; and again, Charlemagne accepting the submission of Wittikind and his barbarous Saxons. Peter the Hermit, too, is here, firing all hearts with zeal to bear the cross into the infidel East, to secure the Holy City from the hands of the unholy Saracen. And gallant Godfrey of Bouillon, crowned King of Jerusalem; and there is that gallant warrior, Philip Augustus of France, with the treacherous Leopold of Austria. And here

is the famous hero, the daring, brilliant Cœur de Lion. Standing before this *Roi d'Angleterre*, what bold adventures and romantic incidents pass before my mind! Ah, where is his minstrel Blondel, by whose faithful love Richard was rescued from captivity, when all the world mourned him lost? Returning from the Crusades, the lion-hearted prince is wrecked upon the coast of Istria, and thus becomes separated from his troubadour-knight. Alone, and dressed as a Templar, Richard endeavors to find his way through the hostile dominions of his great enemy the Arch-Duke Leopold. But alas! divinity, though veiled, is not easily disguised, and Lion-Heart is recognized and thrust into the gloomy castle of Tenebreuse. In this dungeon, according to tradition, he won his *soubriquet* of Cœur de Lion. Many were the tortures that cruel Leopold imposed upon his royal victim; but with a brave heart he endured them all. At length the Arch-Duke bids Richard test his strength renowned with Numidia's ferocious lion. The king of beasts advances, but the king of men quails not: firm he stands, until, with open mouth, the lion prepares to spring upon his royal prey. But Richard, with mighty strength, thrusts forth his giant arm and plucks the panting heart from out the lion's mouth.

How he languished, the brave heart, for his beautiful princess, Berengaria, and his queen-mother, the accomplished Eleanor of Aquitaine; and how he sighed for his poet-knight, the faithful Blondel. But while Cœur de Lion is lost to the world, self-despairing, the poor troubadour, with only his guitar for his solace and love for his guide, is in quest of his beloved master. He seeks him in every court; he sings the songs familiar to Richard under every castle window, under every prison bar, until at last one night, when Blondel sung a tender song which together he and the king had composed, there came a low response. And so Cœur de Lion was found; and with a great ransom the Arch-Duke set him free.

Here is Louis IX., the sainted monarch, visiting the sufferers stricken with the plague. And lo! the chivalrous Francis, more knight than monarch. This is after the disastrous battle of Paria, and although he is writing to his mother, "*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," his royal face is marked by no grave discouragement. In another picture we find him in the gorgeous pageantry of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and again as the patron of Art and fond friend of the famous Leonard de Vinci. Here the dying artist is supported in the arms of the royal Francis.

Regard the hero of Ivry, the gallant Harry. See how his white plume waves in the wind, as he bids his faithful Franks follow it, for, says the bold Bearnais, "be sure it will lead you to glory."

"And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Women, too, are here, heroic, and martyr-crowned Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant child-dreamer, with modesty-veiled eyes—again as the inspired, victorious leader of vascillating Charles. Anon at Rheims, triumphant: her holy mission fulfilled; for Charles, the weak monarch, is crowned. Then that terrible finale, a burning pile, a fiery chariot, in which the pure soul ascends to God.

Look at that slight, youthful figure; that is Charlotte Corday, whom Lamartine styles the angel of assassination. The portrait was drawn whilst she stood before that terrible